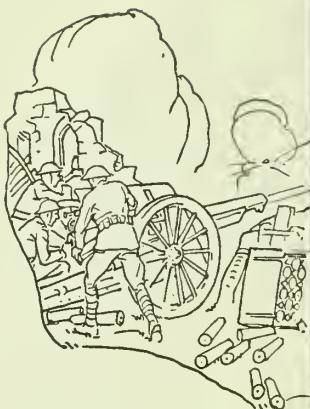


JULY 24, 1925

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



Emmett
Watson



That fighting hand!

THAT fist of yours, that helped to strike the final blow—decorate it. Give it a ring—the ring that only Legionnaires may wear.

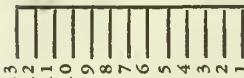
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Made of solid green gold—hand carved eagles—and a beautifully enameled midget emblem. 10K gold only \$9.50 and 14K \$12.50. Bronze or silver centers are optional.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION, EMBLEM DIVISION, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STANDARD RING GAUGE



RING SIZES

A

CUT a slip of paper that will just fit snugly around the second joint of the finger on which you wish to wear your ring. Lay this slip with one end at A on the standard ring gauge shown here and the other end will indicate the correct size. (Remember, we can furnish half sizes.) As an added precaution pin the slip to your order.

Ring to be size

Gentlemen: You will please send at your risk one AL _____ ring in _____k gold. I will pay postman \$ _____ only (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. It is understood however that if the ring is not entirely satisfactory that my money will be refunded promptly providing the ring is returned at once.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

I belong to Post No. _____

July 24, 1925

Vol. 7, No. 30



The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



A MONTH ago—in the June 19th issue—the Weekly told about the boys' band sponsored by the Merced (California) Legion. Publication of this article brought an interesting communication from Dysart-Kendall Post of Lenoir, North Carolina, concerning a similar enterprise. In April, 1924, Dysart-Kendall Post presented a set of band instruments to the Lenoir High School. The gift was conditional—the instruments had to be used. And used they were; in fact, so many students applied for admission to the band that a waiting list had to be formed. But those on the waiting list didn't just wait. A special music study class was organized for them, so that when a vacancy occurred in the band whoever was promoted into it wouldn't be altogether a greenhorn. As everybody knows, the greenhorn is one of the most difficult of musical instruments to handle. One might enlarge on this idea and say that the greenhorn usually produces a lot of sour notes.

* * *

DYSART-KENDALL POST did not stop with the gift of the band instruments. What good is a band without uniforms? The players themselves were raising a uniform fund which promised to be big enough by autumn of this year to provide everybody with his own outfit, including a big-knobbed duhickey for the drum major. But this delay did not appeal to Dysart-Kendall Post. They staged a local talent revue and bought the uniforms. Results: Lenoir has a good band that presents a good appearance and plays well; interest in music among Lenoir High School students is keen and genuine because the music students are working toward a definite goal; Dysart-Kendall Post is looked up to in its own town as an unselfish agent for the promotion of the community's welfare.

* * *

READERS of Marquis James's account of the "old men in gray" who live at the R. E. Lee Soldiers' Home in Richmond will be interested to know that the author of the article is the son and grandson of Union soldiers. Mr. James tells us he verified all references to dates, battles, and troop movements which were mentioned by the veterans at the home with whom he talked. "It was interesting to me to discover," he says, "that all such data—much more than

appears in this account—that I got from the old vets was letter perfect."

* * *

"AND at night when you are sleeping," sang the most excellent Keno Quartette at the St. Paul convention of the Legion last September, "dream of O-ma-haaaaaaa." You can read all about Omaha in this issue of the Weekly and thereby get some substantial information into your dreams. The Omaha convention is only a little more than two months away as the crow flies. The Keno Quartette, by the way, has been doing yeoman service for The American Legion Endowment Fund. If they have been singing dollars out of folks' pockets the way they sang votes for Omaha out of St. Paul convention delegates the Fund is pretty safe.

* * *

THE Munson Line operates the steamship *American Legion*, and the Chicago Great Western Railroad has a train called the *Legionnaire*, the name having been selected from more than 60,000 submitted in a prize contest. Now there is to be a ferryboat *American Legion*, the latest addition to New York City's fleet of municipal passenger craft. The *American Legion* will run from the Battery to Staten Island, across one of the busiest stretches of water in the world. Fitly enough, except in heavy fogs the Statue of Liberty will be in sight every trip.

* * *

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SEVENTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OMAHA

OCTOBER 5th to 9th

less than 10,000 population, according to an analysis embodied in an auditor's report for the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Almost forty percent is in towns of less than 2,500. These figures will be of general interest to the *Legionnaire*, not so much as circulation statistics but as indications of the distribution of the Legion's membership. They do not, of course, take into account Legionnaires established in posts in a score of countries the whole world around, in communities with which our own Federal census has no concern. In cities of 500,000 and more—there are only twelve of them by the 1920 census—the Weekly reaches less than eight percent of its total body of readers. Other percentages are: Cities from 100,000 to 500,000, 8.50 percent; 25,000 to 100,000, 11.36 percent; 10,000 to 25,000, 11.78 percent.

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"THE Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," in two volumes, stand next to "The History of the Twelfth Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A.," on the shelves in the meeting hall of Robert E. Lee Camp No. 1, United Confederate Veterans, in Battle Abbey at Richmond. The Memoirs seem the more thumbed of the two. I mentioned this observation to Major Sanders when I was introduced to him a little later on.

"You will find many of us here who have given friendly perusal to General Grant's memoirs," said the Major. "We are all Virginians, you know, or men who served with Virginia commands. We have experienced certain professional relations with General Grant which lend interest to his account. You will find no word critical of Grant spoken here. His terms at Appomattox were the most magnanimous in any military history that I know."

Whereupon Captain Batchelor, late of Company I, Fifth Virginia Cavalry, interpolated that he could vouch personally for the correctness of the Major's conclusions, because he, Batchelor, was present on that occasion.

"It was the morning of the ninth of April, 1865," said he. "Appomattox and Grant's army was yonder," indicating with his cane. "Gen'l Lee was over there, and Fitzhugh Lee, with the cavalry, was along this road here. We knew that Grant was negotiating with the Gen'l for terms on which to terminate the hostilities, and were all talk-

Old Men *in* Gray

By MARQUIS
JAMES

Major William Campbell Sanders, 4th and 45th Virginia Infantry, was officially killed in action in 1864, but a drink of whiskey officially brought him back to life again. He still has the jacket he wore that day and is pointing out the bullet hole to J. C. Batchelor (with the Dawes pipe) Confederate cavalry scout. Both are now residents of the R. E. Lee Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Virginia

ing about it when a staff officer said Gen'l Fitz Lee wanted to see me. I rode up and Gen'l Fitz handed me a message.

"Take that to Gen'l Bobbie—he always called Gen'l Lee Gen'l Bobbie—take that to Gen'l Bobbie and bring back an answer."

"The message was to ask whether he should surrender the cavalry, disband it or try to cut through and effect a junction with Johnston in the South. I delivered it to Colonel Fairfax of Gen'l Lee's staff. He read it, and turning to me said very slowly and gravely:

"Tell Gen'l Fitzhugh Lee there is no answer."

"When I got back to our command the terms of surrender were known. Someone told me:

"We can keep our hosses, but if I was riding that hoss you are on I would light out."

"I was riding a captured hoss that belonged to the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. So I struck out for Charlottesville, and surrendered by proxy, you might say." (In point of fact, Fitzhugh Lee withdrew his cavalry from the vicinity of Appomattox and did not surrender it until several days after the capitulation of Robert E. Lee.) "I thought my captured hoss and I would be all right in Charlottesville, but what do you reckon happened the day after I got there? The Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry came riding through, and a company was detached and its captain made the provost marshal of the town. I went

straight to him and introduced myself.

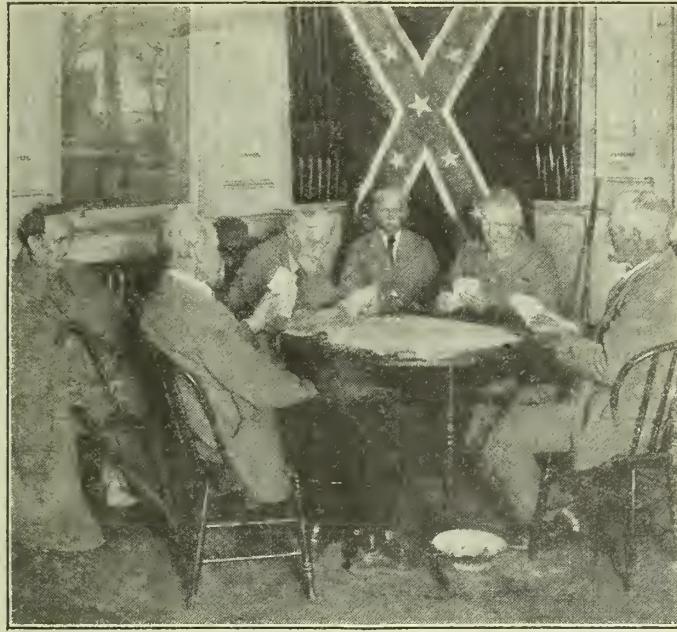
"'Captain,' says I, 'I left my antipathy at Appomattox and I want to be friends. I am a native of Charlottesville, sir, and if I can be of any service to you, I am at your command.'

"That was agreeable to him, and I performed several small commissions for him. Some of the town folks wanted to know what I was getting so thick with that Yankee captain for.

"'I've got a policy,' says I. 'The war is over. I want to harmonize the North and South.'

"That was not only true, but it had other advantages over the story of the captured hoss. I finally sold that hoss and went to Baltimore on the money, where I got a job as a draftsman and began my reconstruction, you might say."

Captain Batchellor's title happens to be one of courtesy, as he will readily tell you. The Captain was a private soldier from the start to the finish of the war, and he is proud of it. He was a Stuart scout and he saw that great cavalry leader killed in battle at Yellow Tavern in 1864. But the Captain's roommate, Major Sanders, was a major commanding a battalion of the 45th Virginia In-



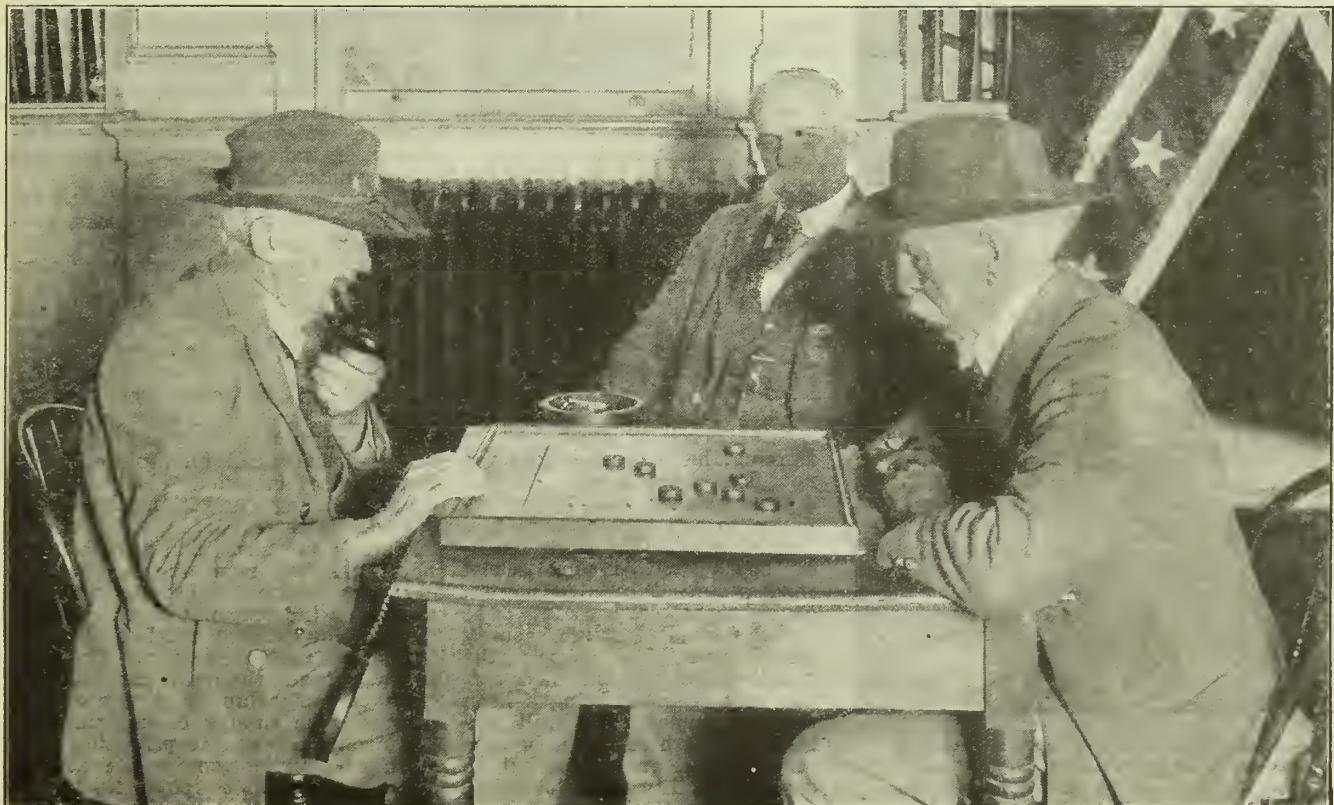
A corporal's guard of the Army of Northern Virginia. Although as much as two plugs of tobacco sometimes change hands at a single sitting, these men have played for higher stakes in their time. Left to right: W. T. Simms, First Virginia Cavalry; S. H. Humphries, Guy's Virginia Artillery; H. V. Meade, Sixth Virginia Cavalry; J. R. Cheatham, First Virginia Infantry; J. E. Mowry, 11th Virginia Infantry; A. J. Kidd, 25th Virginia Infantry

Veteran of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg again in a tight place, although the Yankees cannot claim the credit this time. John C. Garrison, late Ninth Virginia Infantry, playing the whites, in difficult straits before the masterly strategy of J. W. Woodhouse, Richardson's Artillery. The non-combatant is John E. Love, former lieutenant-colonel, Eighth Virginia Cavalry, one of the ranking survivors of the Confederate Army and checker champion thereof. Checkers and cards are favorite amusements at the Home

fantry at the age of twenty-one. He had risen from a private in three years of campaigning. Major Sanders is the ranking officer, save one, of the R. E. Lee Camp Soldiers Home for Confederate Veterans at Richmond. The ranking officer of the home is "General" John E. Love, ex-lieutenant colonel, Eighth Virginia Cavalry. He is eighty-five years old, and is reputed to have been worth a million dollars once.

The one hundred and seventy-three soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy who reside at Lee Camp Home—scarcely a company of old men in the starlight of life—are all that remain in Southern gray of the Army of Northern Virginia. Regardless of where the sympathies of his forbears lay sixty years back, one cannot study the record of that Army without feeling that these quiet old men have won the right to a place in the shade of the tall trees which shelter the quadrangle of their Home. The Army of Northern Virginia, which rode with Stuart and marched with Lee, has a military record which is scarcely surpassed in all history. For two years it defeated the endeavors of three adver-

(Continued on page 13)



The Last of the Old Timers

By FREDERICK C. PAINTON

IN the spring of 1898 a red-headed, freckled lad of ten trailed a heavy plow through the loam of Grant County, Indiana, his mind filled with the picture of Indiana's youth marching away to southern concentration camps to train for battle against the Spaniards in Cuba.

With his lanky body sprawled across a roadside fence, he had wildly waved his old straw hat as the moving carpet of slouch-hatted volunteers had rolled along the dusty white road. His heart leaped in excitement. To go with them, to be a soldier!

The desire to soldier did not fade out when these men (or part of them) returned. Not far away, at Marion, was the National Soldiers Home, where elderly men in blue uniforms spun dramatic yarns of the Wilderness, Vicksburg, Gettysburg and Chancellorsville. The boy's hazel eyes flared with excitement as he listened.

There, you may say, opened Russell Creviston's career—the road which led him from a farm boy to be National

Adjutant of The American Legion. At the end of this month he closes his desk and pins on the gold badge of Past National Adjutant. "Doctor of Organization" Creviston, as his fellow adjutants of the Legion call him, will begin work for himself after working for the Legion these past five and a half years.

The story of the red-headed kid from the time he was ten until the end of this July is the yarn of a Hoosier farm boy who worked hard for everything he got in the way of education.



Behind Creviston's work for the Legion are years of undiminished effort and study to equip himself to give efficient service. Efficiency! That's the word that best describes him. In work or in play, efficiency is Creviston's standard.

The fact that Russ Creviston was a Hoosier farm lad is a pleasant place for some future biographer to jump off. Our only interest in it is to indicate the powerful physique and fundamental good health farm work gave him, and to report the fact that the farmhands used to take him behind the barn and tan him for the jokes he played them. But if he got several doses of strap oil for funning, he never got any for not doing his work. If his school teacher sometimes referred to him as that tarnation Creviston kid, that same teacher spoke well of his school work where it counted most—on his report card.

He passed through county school and high school; the practical joking age died out, the only remnant being a keen sense of humor which still persists. In high school he became somewhat of an orator, but he says the ability must have left



Russell Creviston watched the men of '98 go to war and envied them. Nineteen years afterward a later crop of Indiana farm boys had the chance to feel the same way about Russell, who has just resigned as National Adjutant of The American Legion



Creviston isn't a born golfer, but—taking up the game two years ago, he turned an Indianapolis course this spring in 88

him, for today there is nothing he dislikes more than to make a speech.

The boy's thoughts leaned to teaching, and when he was sixteen he entered the State Normal School. He changed his mind the following year, however, and transferred to the University of Indiana, where he majored in law and economics.

Those four years represented a lot of work for Russ. He sold books, peddled knickknacks, in fact, he says, "My chum and I would sell anything that had a selling value. I really got so I liked to sell and perhaps that's why I later took several courses in business engineering. I loved it then and I still love it."

His education, having cost him so much effort to get, meant just that much more to him. Anyway, R. G., as lots of friends call him, picked up a great deal of experience in his house-to-house selling campaigns that stood him well later in life.

Football and basketball were his two sports. After returning to Marion upon graduation he became superintendent of the training department of Marion Normal and coach of his old high school basketball team. The year Russ was coach the outfit captured the State championship in a State that supplies some snappy basketball.

Hunting, fishing, trapshooting and golf are his outdoor sports. Like many
(Continued on page 16)

Here are Helen Holmes and Elizabeth Horning, samples of Omaha's native daughters and living proof that the voice with a smile isn't an illusion of the wires. For Miss Holmes and Miss Horning are telephone operators. They personify Omaha's welcome to the Legion



OMAHA Wants *to See* You

*By PHILIP
VON BLON*

IF, in the earliest days of October, in the midst of that delayed vacation of yours, you drive your dusty car across the long bridge from Iowa into Nebraska and speed over the hills into the heart of Omaha, you'll probably park your car in the first space you find along the curbing and start walking around to gain some impressions of one of the most appealing cities you have ever looked upon.

Then because you will be one of tens of thousands of Legionnaires who are arriving in Omaha about the same

time, because you meet in the first block somebody who served with you in the old outfit in France, because bands are playing and newly-disembarked delegations from a dozen and one States are marching from their trains to the hotels, time will pass quickly. After you have soaked up a lot of impressions and made sure of the place where you are going to sleep for the next four or five days, you will amble back to your automobile—and perhaps you'll find wired to the radiator cap or steering wheel an alarm-

ing-looking yellow tag of the only too familiar variety.

"Honest, judge, I'm a stranger and I didn't know the rules," you think, rehearsing what you expect you'll say the next morning in traffic court. Mechanically you untwist the fastenings of the yellow card, prepared to read the Omaha schedule of fines for parking too long.

Right here you meet Omaha Surprise No. 1. The yellow tag is not a traffic court summons. No, indeed—it's an official welcome to Omaha. You are

Center of a region touched by Coronado in 1541, Omaha is a city whose skyline has notched itself above a plateau on the west shore of the Missouri river within the last three quarters of a century. The covered wagon, the stage coach, the iron horse and the air mail mark the romantic periods of Omaha's growth as a gateway to the West



being presented with a paper key to the city, and you are told you may park as long as you want to. The license tag of your home State has been your letter of introduction, and Omaha hasn't wasted any time in letting you know that it's glad you've come. Omaha has a habit of doing that same thing for all strangers, and it's particularly glad to welcome you as a Legionnaire.

This little custom is only one of many which, during the week of October 5th to 9th, during the Seventh Na-

lating system which will find comfortable living quarters for Legionnaires in private homes, and to make this system effective large numbers of the city's leading citizens will throw open their homes for convention week. Omaha is going to demonstrate hospitality with the guest rooms of its homes in place of platitudes—and it is just the kind of city that can do this successfully, for the Omaha school census shows that fifty-five percent of its families own their homes.

Omaha is making preparations for

of latitude as New York City. It promises for October exhilarating weather—the bracing coolness of early autumn tempered by a just-warm-enough sun—another reason why Omaha is expecting lots of guests.

In addition to the home billeting system, Omaha will try another convention innovation. It has adopted an official American Legion Convention Badge, and it wants every honest-to-goodness Legionnaire—delegates and visitors alike—to wear that badge during convention week. The badge will be the passport to hospitality and entertainment during the week, and extraordinary efforts will be made to see that it is worn only by Legionnaires in good standing. It will be given to Legionnaires when they register upon their arrival in the city and it will be given only to those presenting the Legion's 1925 membership cards. Registration booths for all the States will be established along one of the principal streets, so it won't take long to sign up and get the badge. But don't forget to take your membership card to Omaha.

This registration and badge system will help in a number of ways. It will, of course, supply a card index directory, classified by States, of all those attending the convention—it will be easy, for instance, to find out whether John Doughgob of Arkhamshire whom you met last year at St. Paul is in Omaha. It will also help in the weeding out of the suspiciously over-enthusiastic gentry of the Legionnaire-for-a-day type, the man who never wore a uniform, who decks himself out with a hatband of any State that suits his fancy and proceeds to splash up the town. Masquerading camp followers won't find in Omaha a chance to reflect discredit upon the Legion.

The moment you arrive in Omaha you sense the reasons why here on the western bank of the Missouri River a metropolis has arisen. If you should happen to come into the city from the east, you feel the city's natural greatness at first sight of its skyline. You have passed through the beautiful rolling country of western Iowa, by forests blazing with the rainbow colors of autumn leaves and green meadowland, and you come at last to Council Bluffs, expansive and prosperous looking. It stands on the east shore of the Missouri, separated from Omaha by the wide river valley. As you approach the river, the sky-line of Omaha looms magnificently above the tree-covered hills—tall office buildings towering against a background of clear sky and floating clouds. The panorama grows more and more beautiful as the river



This panorama of down-town Omaha is proof of the vision of a Missouri river ferryman who dreamed of a great metropolis while he plied his boat filled with west-bound pioneers between the shores of Iowa and Nebraska. Round about the site where the ferryman staked out the first claim, scores of skyscrapers now stand

tional Convention of The American Legion, will make Legionnaires understand what Omaha means by its slogan, "Out Where the West is Best."

In countless ways Omaha has been planning and preparing for a long time to entertain the Legion, and, leaving aside all the old hokum about hospitality, Omaha expects to fill its rôle of host as well as any city could.

As the home of the largest post of The American Legion—Omaha post has 5,000 members, and it's just the kind of a post any large city would be proud of—Omaha knows quite a bit about the Legion and Legionnaires. It knows what its own Legionnaires are like, and it is expecting that the presence of fifteen times as many Legionnaires as it usually has won't require any change in the city's spirit. The Legion will be Omaha's house guest from October 5th to 9th.

The Legion will be literally Omaha's house guest, too, to a large extent, for in addition to the 25,000 delegates and members who will occupy rooms reserved in hotels long in advance, and thousands who will sleep in parked Pullman cars during the convention period many, many thousands will live in the homes of Omaha citizens during the week of October 5th to 9th. Omaha is to be the first convention city of The American Legion to employ a bil-

this home-billeting system because by every augury and index of the past it expects to have the biggest Legion convention. Omaha happens to be a natural center for a large group of States which, Legionnally speaking, have proved their capacity to produce enormous crowds. Close by lie the Legion strongholds of Minnesota and Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska. Ten trunk line railroads lead to Omaha, making it the fourth largest railroad center of the country. Fifteen national and inter-state highways pass through the city, and its broad, smooth streets are the real meeting place of East and West. Everybody predicts that an unprecedentedly large share of the Legion population of the Mississippi Valley will arrive in Omaha by special train and automobile in the Legion's week in October. Advance reservations for special trains insure also a big attendance from the more distant departments, including those of the Atlantic and Pacific Coast States.

Jab the sharp point of a pair of compasses into the point of the map marked Omaha and then swing the compasses' movable leg eastward and westward on the map and you'll notice that in its swing it touches both the Eastern and Western seaboard at about the same distance. Notice also that Omaha lies in the same parallel

comes into view, its ever-muddy waters reflecting the green of the hills and the charm of the sky.

You reflect upon the feelings of the first pioneers who penetrated the wilderness to gaze westward upon the hills where Omaha was to arise, and you remember that as the nation spread out toward the Pacific Coast the greatest cities arose on the western shores of the principal streams which the pioneers encountered.

Then, if you have not forgotten all that you ever learned in your school histories, the pageantry of Omaha's past takes form in your imagination. You remember that you are on the direct path of the nation's greatest westward growth, at one of the natural gateways through which the East crossed to the conquest of the unexplored West. The humming of an airplane motor reminds you that Omaha's history may be measured from the covered wagon to the air mail, that less than three-quarters of a century ago only Indians, jealous and fearful of the white men approaching across the eastern plains, lived where now are Omaha's streets and buildings. Before you are the steel spans of the Union Pacific Railway bridge, firmly swung upon stone piers far above the river's channel, and you recall that Omaha's real greatness dates from the day of the iron horse, that several years before the Omaha bridge was built a stirring drama was enacted along the natural road of the North Platte Valley when pioneer railroad builders, working from Omaha westward and from San Francisco eastward, strove tremendously toward the final day when the two lines were joined. You remember that a whole nation rejoiced when the golden spike was driven into the final tie at Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869, linking the Atlantic and the Pacific. Omaha owes its development largely to that event.

In the marvelous growth that followed the coming of the railroads to the Mississippi Valley and the Rocky Mountain regions, Omaha found itself, by reason of its location, the outfitting



Streets a hundred feet wide, with a perfect system of automatic traffic control, assure in Omaha the ideal handling of the parade and the vast crowds of visitors during the Legion's national convention. The view above shows Douglas Street, west of Sixteenth Street, a few blocks from the Civic Auditorium, where the convention sessions will be held

point for countless thousands who were pushing westward in search of fortunes. Thousands came to Omaha and were content to go no farther. Among those who came and stayed were adventurous souls from the Atlantic Coast States and the Middle West, the true descendants of the Colonial forefathers, men fitted by inheritance and training to take the lead in developing a new city. With these came the hardy sons of a dozen European countries, as the tides of immigration spread beyond the Mississippi—and Germans, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians and Bohemians contributed freshness and strength to the growing city's intermingling population.

Omaha today shows how well those pioneers builded. It is an open-faced

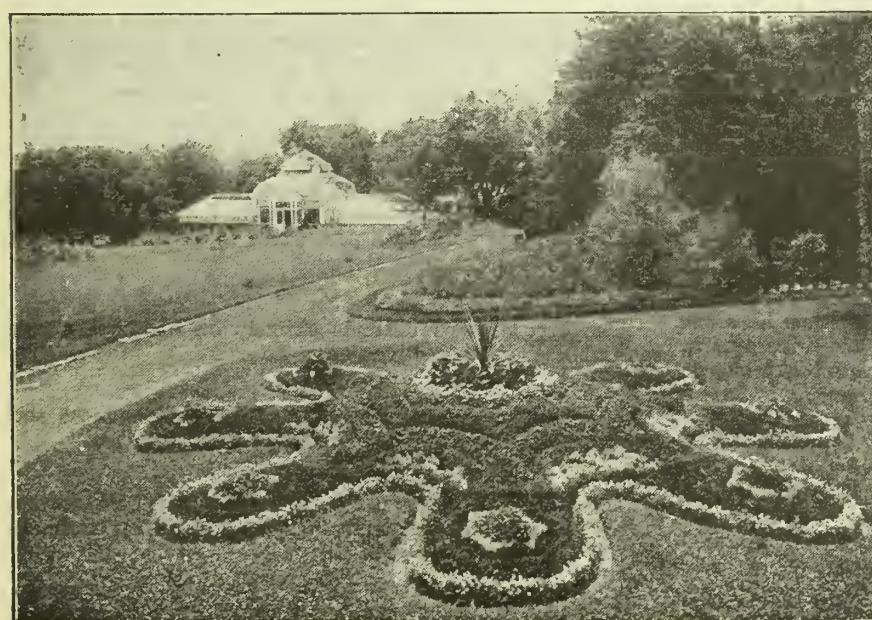
city set on hills. There is nothing cramped about it. It has an expansiveness that seems to be reflected in the spirit of its people. The streets of its business district are a full hundred feet wide and well paved, and they follow the gentle slopes of the hills. Had those who laid out the streets foreseen the coming of the automobile they could have planned no better. Today traffic policemen seem almost unnecessary in Omaha, although myriads of motor cars fill those broad streets. At every corner in the downtown district automatic stop-and-go lights flash for the regulation of traffic and bells clang a warning for each change of direction. The system works perfectly, and one blesses the vision of the planners who made of Omaha a checkerboard city, with all streets at right angles, with all blocks of uniform size.

With such streets, Omaha is ideally suited for handling convention crowds. One knows that there will be no difficulty when the Legion's convention parade is held, when possibly the largest crowd the city has ever assembled lines the streets of the downtown section to watch the most impressive of all Legion marches.

The wisdom of Omaha's builders is likewise evidenced in the city's parks and its residential districts. Here the trees planted by the pioneers give the city the appearance of a forest when seen from a distance. Mile upon mile of beautiful homes line the hillside streets of the newer sections of the city, which merge almost imperceptibly into a belt of landscaped parks, along which are disposed the bright new buildings and the golf courses of many country clubs.

Scenic drives follow the bluffs of the Missouri River, and in the river valley is the city's principal bathing resort and amusement park, known as Carter's Lake. The lake is a shimmering stretch of water lined with sandy beaches. It was made years ago when

(Continued on page 14)



A corner of one of Omaha's thirty parks. Omaha has more park area in proportion to population than any other city in the United States

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

A New Date for the Defense Test

CERTAINLY no publication in the United States records with more pleasure than The American Legion Weekly that the War Department found the results of the second annual Defense Test Day on the Fourth of July in excess of expectations and "exceedingly gratifying in view of the short time for preparation". No one familiar with the facts of the situation, locally or nationally, will dispute this verdict. Considering the handicaps which surrounded the observance of the Test, the results attained were gratifying. They exceeded the expectations of many who doubtless had fewer facts on which to base their expectations than the War Department had.

This proves much. It proves that the gospel of a rational preparedness for national defense has made a deep impression on our people, and that the arguments of those who, from one motive or another, would expose the country to the perils of defenselessness have availed little. Twenty million persons took part in the rehearsal of the muster of the nation's defensive powers, the War Department says. Local observances were held in 7,000 communities. In every State The American Legion was one of the mainstays of the program. In several States where state governments declined to co-operate with the national Government in making the event a success the Legion shouldered additional responsibilities.

In some respects this rehearsal of the national mobilization plans went off much better than it did last year. The staff work was doubtless improved, and this is very important because in this department our Army is weak by comparison with other first-class powers. In the World War our staff work was inferior to that of our Allies. This is no reflection on the general officers of the A. E. F. Staff work cannot be learned in a day. One cannot assemble a group of high officers, however capable individually, and have a capable staff without years and years of training and experience which our officers lacked. But they learned readily during the war, and they are continuing their schooling. The annual Defense Test is an important part of it. In this respect the Test just held was as much of a success as probably might have been anticipated under any conditions.

Otherwise the Test was not, and for these reasons: The time allowed for preparation was wholly inadequate; the Fourth of July is not the best day for the Test, regardless of the preparation. The War Department has many excuses for the situation it got itself maneuvered into whereby this date was thrust upon it by the President with so little time to get ready. But this part is neither here nor there. What the friends of preparedness are interested in pointing out at this time is that the day was badly chosen and the cause of preparedness suffered somewhat in consequence, gratifying as the success may have been.

The Fourth of July is a bad time for many reasons. It is in the vacation season when hundreds of thousands are away from home. In cities more people spend that day in the country than any other day of the year. One could extend the list of objections, but these are sufficient. Coupled with the lack of time in which to make arrangements, they sadly affected the local celebrations in many communities. Only two weeks' notice was given in many localities. The War Department named local committees composed of reserve officers to arrange the demonstrations. Usually the

members of these committees were Legionnaires. Almost always their first act was to get in touch with the local Legion post. But it was found that the community's plans for the Fourth had long since been made. The bands were engaged—and there cannot be much of a Defense Test without music.

Last year the Test was held on September 12th, the anniversary of the Battle of St. Mihiel—and incidentally the eve of Pershing's birthday, though the General, who is a modest man, does not like to have that stressed. It came at the right season of the year. That date meant something to World War veterans, and the co-operation of World War veterans is nine-tenths of Defense Test Day, and will be for some years yet, at the end of which time the day will have become a definitely established annual event or will have been abandoned as a failure.

It is senseless to speak of abandoning it. It would be a grave wrong to the country to speak of that except as something to avoid. But it is also a mistake not to make the success of this Test as easy as possible by selecting the most appropriate date. The American Legion will support Defense Day regardless of the date. The Legion opposed holding the recent Test on the Fourth of July, but it did what it could to make the Test successful. The time for the War Department to select and obtain the President's sanction of an appropriate date for 1926 is now. Five months' public notice for local preparations would not be too much.

Mr. Hart's Hunch

If Kingsley Turner Post of Cuyler, New York, should some day decide to establish a memorial to its founder, it will honor a man who never had the chance to become a Legionnaire. For The American Legion post in the little town of Cuyler is the result of the vision and energy of George Hart, the local railroad station agent—a man who never carried a rifle or wore a uniform.

Mr. Hart got the idea two years ago that a town without a Legion post needed looking over—that the mere fact was evidence of something wrong. He found out nobody had ever suggested starting a Legion post in Cuyler. So Mr. Hart took on the job of starting it. He did the job well, and ever since the post got its charter he has been doing what he could to help it.

Time has proved that Cuyler has the kind of spirit in which the Legion flourishes. Today every eligible service man in the town belongs to Kingsley Turner Post. It has twenty-eight members. Every woman eligible is a member of the post's unit of The American Legion Auxiliary. Despite the fact that most of the post members are farmers and meetings are held by turns in the farm homes of the members, requiring long drives, the average of attendance at post meetings during the two years of the post's history has been ninety-five percent.

How many other Cuylers throughout the country still lie fallow, awaiting the coming of the Legion? Wherever there is a town without a post there is a call for a public benefactor to start one.



The speeder who depends entirely on his horn should remember that locomotives have no ears.



Judging by the number of working golfers most successful men must have their business down to a tee.



The difference between the city dweller and the farmer is that the city dweller saves up for a rainy day while the farmer saves up for a drought.



Aviators are being equipped with safety parachutes, but thus far nothing has been done to insure the safe descent of the aeronautic baseball pitcher.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

We Can— Immigration Commissioner Curran reports that, under the new law, the quality of immigrants has greatly improved. The new law was only the start in reform after a long period of bungling. Everywhere in Europe the American is asked, "How can I get into America?" Scores would enter where the quota allows only one. If Europeans think that admission to America is so valuable, why not act on that principle ourselves? Why not set up a system in our consulates abroad which will deliberately choose only the best?

I mean that we have reached the limit of paraphrases for "guts". I quote this one because of its erudite origin.

This Is the Last One H. E. W., of Thomaston, Georgia, tells us how that grand old man, Dr. David C. Barrow, Chancellor Emeritus of the University of Georgia, when he was addressing a mass meeting before a big football game, got as far as "G—" as the thing which the team must have to win. Then he saw that there were ladies in the audience. So he said "abdominal capacity". I shall now conclude that any reader who has not been supplied with a substitute word to his taste prefers the shorter word. Let him use it, but only on high occasions.

Blaze It in Our Souls Opening the beautiful Memorial Day Edition of The American Legion Bulletin of Oakland, California, my attention was riveted upon some verses set in the center of a page. I read over again and again the paraphrase of "In Flanders Fields" by W. B. France under the title of "We Are the Maimed." I reprint it on this page for those who have not seen it and for those who should see it again. I should like to reprint it often. The first verse begins, "In Flanders Fields we do not lie." The second verse is:

We are the maimed! Death did deny
Its solace. Crippled, blind, we try
To find on earth the peace they know
In Flanders fields.

Another verse begins, "Forget us not!" But it is not enough—just not to forget.

Why Wait So Long? Congressman Lineberger of California wants to know what I think of holding a World Conference on Narcotic Education in Philadelphia in June, 1926. This means that delegates of all nations shall gather to consider what are the best ways of teaching all mankind the dangers of the dope habit.

Why ask if anybody is for such a conference? Anybody who is not has no interest in promoting human decency and preventing human debauchery and decay. We cannot talk or work too much against dope, especially since the League of Nations Conference on the Opium Traffic failed in any agreement to stay the making and trading in opium. Every item of publicity may save to health and usefulness youngsters who would become addicts. Thousands of young Americans are becoming dope users, increasing the problems of the authorities in every city in the land. Police know that many of the crimes of violence are caused by dope-crazed persons.

Why wait until June, 1926, Congressman Lineberger? Why not immediately? While we wait the insidious smugglers' rings and their servile and crafty addict gangs are busy.

Fred A. Wallis, Commissioner of Corrections, New York City, says, "Of all the plagues visited upon our land, drug addiction is the most horrible and deadly. Sixty percent of the inmates of all penal and correctional institutions in New York are users or sellers of drugs. There must be in New York close to 200,000 drug addicts of the underworld type." Judicial statistics show that in the nation forty percent of all prisoners convicted in the Federal Courts were addicts and that the number is increasing.

Here is an American invasion that has become a monopoly. The British are indignant victims of what is called the American "movie dump". To meet **The Great Movie Dump** our immense home market our producers can afford the cost of surpassingly skillful and elaborate productions. Our pictures are therefore sold abroad at a rate with which foreign producers for the local market cannot compete, not to mention that our pictures draw the crowds because they are better. Wherever you travel you see familiar home motion-picture posters in the streets. Foreigners are being habituated to American scenes and characters on the screen, with the result that America becomes to foreigners more than ever a desirable place to move to.

British patriots have organized in protest. They want their people, especially their youth, under the influence of English pictures in these days when we take so many of our ideas through our eyes. The agitation has had much airing in Parliament. Premier Baldwin has decided that something must be done. The plan is a law that a proportion of all pictures shown must be British. What if, in face of the law, the crowds still prefer to go to American movies?

It has been getting so in some communities that even boys who are good ball players want to sell their services to the highest bidder in imitation of the **Back to the Sandlots** Ruths and the Cobbs. My plea, recently, for the great American game for the game's sake struck an answering chord in Dan Balmer, editor of the Brookville (Pennsylvania) *American*. Brookville, he says, had its era of paying a professional team with the usual result of a "broken treasury and no kids coming on." Now Brookville has a city and county league each of four teams—all playing for the game's sake—the city league feeding the county league. Back to first principles, back to good old sandlot home-talent baseball if you would get the real thrills of America's greatest sport, is the message with which Balmer led the movement in his little poem which all Legion posts working to the same end may like to read:

The sandlot ball bat is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch it stands;
The old catcher's mask is covered with rust
For the lack of care-giving hands.
Time was when the baseball bat was used
And the catcher's mask passing fair,
But that was before professional ball
Kicked them and put them there.

The Amateur Gardener (Part I)

By Wallgren



Old Men in Gray

(Continued from page 5)

sary armies each greatly superior in strength and resources, and then was able to invade the North.

Theodore Roosevelt declared that Lee, who led that Army, ranks "without any exception as the greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth." The most authoritative critical work on Robert E. Lee as a soldier, however, has lately been published by Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, British Chief of Operations during the World War. In a purely impersonal and scientific estimate of the Confederate leader, as "the main prop of a cause history has proved to be wrong," Maurice places Lee above Wellington, the English conqueror of Napoleon. He says if the Allies had adopted Lee's tactics in 1914 they would have won the war sooner.

Lee Home is on the outskirts of Richmond, and is reached by way of Monument Avenue, a magnificent boulevard down whose vistas look stone effigies of some of the heroes of Dixie. Jackson, Davis, Stuart—

and another statue, a knightly figure on horseback, which bears only one word of identification: "Lee". In Virginia that word needs no definition. It stands alone, saying all there is to be said to express the veneration and affection a people can pay a leader.

The Home itself consists of cottages ordered about the two long sides of a rectangle. The end adjoining the highway is open. At the far end is the administration building, hospital, mess and so on. The interior of the rectangle is grass-grown, threaded by walks and canopied by the foliage of stately trees. Confederate homes, of course, are not endowed by the Federal Government as are those for Union soldiers. They came into existence in various ways, and now are all supported, in part at least, by the States in which they are situated. Lee Home was founded in 1884 by R. E. Lee Camp of the United Confederate Veterans, in much the same fashion which Legion posts now make provision for the welfare of less fortunate comrades. The superintendent of Lee Home is W. C. Herbert, a member of Richmond Post of The American Legion.

When their mission has been served all buildings on the grounds of the

Home will come down except Battle Abbey, which will stand as the South's shrine to its soldiers of the sixties. Battle Abbey contains the finest series of military paintings in America—eight enormous murals by Charles Hoffbaur, the French artist, which tell the story of the Civil War in Virginia. Hoffbaur began this work in 1913 and finished it in 1920, taking four years

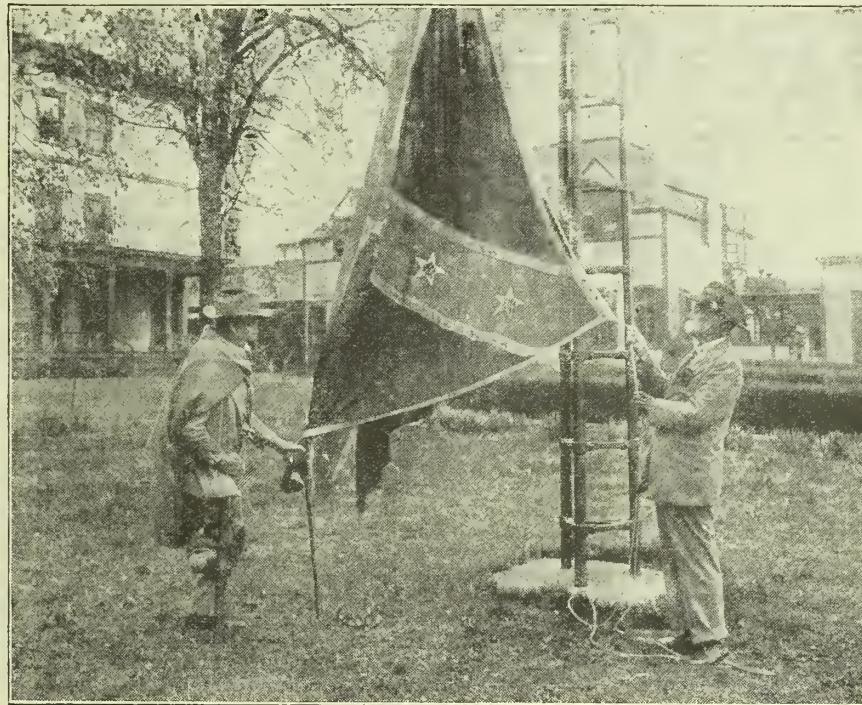
on an effort to break the Federal line which, intrenched on a ridge, blocked his march into Pennsylvania. Thirteen thousand infantrymen, the pick of the South, advanced in close formation as on parade. Federal artillery mowed them down like wheat, but on they came, across the plain, up the slope—and fighting hand to hand with bayonets and clubbed muskets they pierced the Federal works. But the handful thus momentarily triumphant was quickly surrounded and all were killed or captured. John C. Garrison, Ninth Virginia Infantry, was taken prisoner in the Union trenches, having fought his way to the very ridgepole of Confederate hopes. You find him at Lee Home, a shy, soft-spoken old man, one of the few actors left of that matchless episode. He will tell you the story of it—if you insist—without rancor or heroics, but he would prefer to take you on for a game of checkers.

Discomfiting as it is to confess ignorance on this point, it did not occur to me that there were any marines in the

out to return to France to do some Civil War until I met Comrade James B. Moses. Comrade Moses was a Confederate Marine, stationed on the ironclad *Virginia*, or, as the Yankee histories have it, the *Merrimac*. Its engagement with the Federal *Monitor* was an incident of some historic importance in that it set a new style in naval warfare. Take it from Comrade Moses that while the marines were not quite able to win this war for the South, they certainly did not lose it.

One need not go to Battle Abbey, though, to catch something of the spirit of the embattled South. What the artist put on canvas is still to be found in the flesh in the billets of the Home across the way. It is all there—

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, marking the high tide of the Confederacy—one of the most audacious military efforts on a grand scale ever attempted. I have before me a history of Gettysburg of a distinctly Union preference. It says "the world never saw grander heroism than that displayed by the Southerners' [of Pickett's] magnificent division . . . whose superiors did not live." Pickett's charge took place on the third and last day of the battle when Lee staked all



The Stars and Bars of the Confederacy come down at sunset. But they will go up at sunrise as long as the last member of the garrison survives at R. E. Lee Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Virginia. Lieutenant Colonel Love (right) and W. T. Simms, First Virginia Cavalry

The fondest tradition of the Virginia Military Institute is the battle of New Market in October of 1864 when the cadets, boys in their 'teens, went to the rescue of Jubal Early, at the conclusion of his romantic but rash campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. Lee was nearing the end of his rope, hard pressed by Grant before Richmond, when he dispatched the brilliant Early down the Valley to divert the enemy. With 8,000 cavalry Early penetrated the North, cut railway communications between Baltimore and Philadelphia and actually fired upon the defenses of Washington. But Sheridan with 40,000 men got on his trail and precipitated a retreat which ended in complete disaster for the Confederates. The cadets of V. M. I. threw themselves in

to try to stem the tide, fought desperately and suffered heavy losses beside Early's veterans, who gained a transitory advantage. At Lee Home is a scholarly patriarch with a flowing beard—Professor C. B. Tate, a retired educator, and a survivor of that band of school boys who left their classrooms for the battlefield on which to fight for a forlorn hope. I think it is the only instance of the kind in our history.

The exploits of Colonel Mosby, greatest of the South's cavalry raiders, are made to live again in the shade of the cool trees where three veterans of that astonishing command foregather. There are three no more stanch admirers of Grant in the country than these old Rebel soldiers. It seems that Mosby, always impetuous, got into difficulties of some kind after the war. Grant, then President, helped him out of trouble, and the two men became lifelong friends. Grant is dead; Mosby is dead; but Mosby's men remember that kindness to their chieftain.

And so on. They have had their great yesterdays, these old timers in gray, not all of whose claims to distinction by any means were terminated by the peace of Appomattox. The trends of fortune have favored these old men in many ways. One, telling me what he had done with his life since the war, painstakingly dug from a battered trunk a time-yellowed bank-book in corroboration of his statement that in 1878 he had earned and deposited fourteen thousand dollars. General Love, once rated a millionaire, has made and lost a half-dozen fortunes. He came to the Home four years ago, eighty-one years old and broke, and since then has accumulated by barter, investment, and a little speculation an estate worth several thousand dollars. The General is just a natural born money-maker, that's all.

Governor Henry M. Smythe opened the conversation with me with a question on the diplomatic situation in Europe, shifted to the tariff and presently let drop an allusion to "my public life". I asked the Governor whence came his title.

"It is one of the late President Cleveland's whims," he said. "I was never a governor. I was consul general in Haiti and minister to Santo Domingo for six years during the administrations of Cleveland and Mr. McKinley."

At odd times the Governor has been a school superintendent and a newspaper editor (for thirty-five years altogether) dabbling in politics all along. He spoke as one accustomed to have his opinions on the topics and problems of the day solicited by the representatives of the press. Though ailing and in the hospital, he outlined with completeness and clarity his views on various public matters, choosing his words with care, as statesmen are wont to do, and pausing for me to write them down as he uttered them, so as to diminish the likelihood of a misquotation, which might place the Governor in an embarrassing light before the public.

"It was doubtless necessary to dispatch our marines to Haiti in 1915 to terminate a state of barbaric anarchy," said he, "under which commerce languished and all of the arts of civilization were impossible. The real blame, however, lies with those who permitted the situation there thus to get out of hand. If the policies I inaugurated in Haiti had been continued there would have been no need for armed intervention."

Major Sanders, previously presented in this narrative—Major William Campbell Sanders, planter and country gentleman of Wythe County, grand nephew of General William Campbell

of Kings Mountain fame in the Revolution—is as perfect an example of the chivalry and grace of the Old South as you will meet. Major Sanders left college to join the army. After the war he took charge of the family plantation in Wythe County and there spent his life. Mrs. Sanders and he reared and educated a family. One son is a judge on the supreme bench of Nevada. Last fall the Major's wife and helpmeet for sixty years died. The Major turned the farm over to representatives of the younger generation and went to the Lee Home to spend the rest of his days. He tells this story:

"In the fall of '64 at the battle of Piedmont our brigade was cut to pieces. My general was killed, my colonel was killed, and I was killed. They laid me out on my back in the yard of an old gentleman by the name of William Crawford. There was not a sign of life in me.

"'I reckon he's dead,' someone said. 'But we will have to make this test to be certain.' So they raised my head and poured a half a pint of whisky down my throat. If a Virginian of my day didn't perk up when he got a drink of whisky he was dead. Well, I perked up, and here I am. And here is the jacket I had on at the time. You can see the bullet hole front and back, just above the heart."

The youngest man at Lee Home is seventy-six. The oldest is ninety-three. The average age is eighty-two. Old men in gray. Sitting about in the shade of tall trees. The "bonnie blue flag", symbol of a Lost Cause, droops in the languid air above them. A Lost Cause now, but once upon a time it filled the eye of the world . . . Old men who defended that Cause with ardor unsurpassed, awaiting the shadows. After all, it's pretty much the way of life, is it not?

Omaha Wants to See You

(Continued from page 9)

the river changed its course during a flood.

All these scenic beauties call to the man who likes to see a city from the seat of an automobile. Legionnaires who do not drive their own cars to Omaha will find it easy to rent a car from one of the many companies which have put motoring upon the old livery stable basis—the drive-it-yourself plan. The motorist, having seen all the city's beauty, will also want to see the rugged stretches of Omaha's stockyards, the miles of pens and packing houses which make Omaha the second largest livestock center of the world.

Omaha has no trick system of naming or numbering its streets, and any stranger will be able to find his way about after a single glance at the map. The east and west streets are numbered in order, and Sixteenth Street, the most important east and west thoroughfare, is the center of the business district. Farnam Street, the most important north and south street, crosses Sixteenth, making the city's busiest corner, only three blocks from the Civic Auditorium where the sessions of the Legion's convention will be held. The Fontenelle, the convention

headquarters hotel, lies three blocks from this busiest corner in the opposite direction from the convention hall. And Omaha, incidentally, has thirty-one other hotels, most of them located in the downtown district near the convention auditorium. Choicest hotel accommodations have already been assigned to the Legion departments which made the best membership records this year.

Most Legionnaires will visit the Woodmen of the World Building before they have been in Omaha long. This building, a huge modern office structure of eighteen stories, dominates the business district. Radio enthusiasts will certainly visit it, because it is the home of Station WOW, one of the country's principal high-powered broadcasting stations. Standing on the roof of this building, under the huge steel towers of the radio station, one may see the whole of Omaha. The building itself is a monument to the largest fraternal insurance organization in the world.

Seeing Omaha's streets and buildings and meeting the Omahans, one becomes aware of the city's personality, the elusive qualities which distinguish one

city from another. The traveler sometimes finds it hard to tell how San Francisco differs from Los Angeles, or Salt Lake City from Denver—he senses the differences but he may not always be able to isolate them for comparison. Omaha possesses a natural friendliness—it unfolds in social relations without that artificial cameraderie which sometimes tires the stranger who has learned to dislike the overworked devices of the city booster. Omaha remains itself, and it accepts outsiders as they are. It is neither a hand-walloping, back-slapping city nor a high-hat city. It is an everyday sort of city, comfortable in its own poise, with a frankness and wholeheartedness incapable of pose or pretense. It has the spirit of the West at its best.

That spirit is outstanding in the history and activities of Omaha's big civic organization, Ak-Sar-Ben, a brotherhood of almost 5,000 members representing all the interests of the city. The organization's name is Nebraska spelled backward. For twenty-five years it has grown in fame, through its carnivals, its float parades and its "den" shows. It was established to banish gloom following the

hard times which swept the country after the panic of the early nineties. A number of citizens assembled and put on a big parade, followed by a grand ball at which King Ak-Sar-Ben was crowned and his Queen chosen. The custom has prevailed as an annual event, and in the early autumn of each year large crowds gather in Omaha for the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival and the accompanying events. The organization maintains a "den", a large building centering on a circus arena, where it conducts its initiations and gives shows. It also owns a grandstand, race track and entertainment ground, representing an investment of more than \$1,000,000.

Ak-Sar-Ben's carnival is to the Middle West what New Orleans's Mardi Gras is to the South. The parade is especially noteworthy, as through the genius of one man, Gus Renze, electrical illumination of the floats has been developed with marvelous results.

This year Ak-Sar-Ben will combine its annual celebration with the Legion's National Convention. Its annual show, a feature of the celebration, will have an especial appeal for Legionnaires. The illuminated floats have been constructed to exemplify the clauses of the Preamble to the Legion's National Constitution. The Ak-Sar-Ben den will be a Legion center all during the convention, and it will be used for the initiations of the Forty and Eight.

It is quite a tribute to the Legion in Omaha—this support which Ak-Sar-Ben is giving to the convention. That support has been backed up with a check for \$50,000, carried to the St. Paul National Convention last September as an evidence of what Omaha was going to do to entertain the Legion.

Ak-Sar-Ben, in its fantastic legendary and whimsicality, has not lost sight of the real romance of Omaha's past. It sees in the coming of The American Legion to Omaha one more event in a dramatic sequence that dates back four hundred years. For, if Omaha knows its own history aright, the land about it was explored by European adventurers almost a century before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and Captain John Smith settled at Jamestown in Virginia.

Omaha dates its history from the coming of Coronado, a Spanish cavalier, who in 1541 pushed northward from Mexico City, shouting the name of Christ and dreaming of Aztec gold, seeking the fabled cities of the buffalo in the mythical Land of Quivera. Coronado reached the North Platte River, history says, accompanied by several score of Spanish fighting men and some hundreds of the Indians who had set out with him from Mexico City. He has left a record of his explorations which reveal that he was as gullible or as mendacious as Marco Polo.

Anyway, Coronado got to Nebraska, found not gold but only fertile valleys, and returned to Spain, while the valley of the Platte was left to dream on, fallow in time. Two centuries and a half later the boats of Lewis and Clark, penetrating the unexplored regions of the West, were borne by the waters of the Missouri to the present site of Omaha. As the explorers described it, Omaha's site in 1803 was "a high handsome prairie, with lofty cottonwood in groves near the river".

In 1823 a trader built the first cabin on the beautiful plateau where Omaha now stands, but for twenty years thereafter no sign of settlement was visible among the hills. Then Omaha found itself in the path of one of the most remarkable migrations in the history of the world. There arrived on the banks of the Missouri thousands of Mormons, persecuted and driven from Illinois, seeking a promised land in the Western wilderness.

Council Bluffs, opposite Omaha, became one of the most important of the camps of Israel, as the Mormons called their resting places. Here Brigham Young marshaled his followers for the trials to come. In the midst of preparations for the westward journey, the War with Mexico loomed and the United States Government requested the churchmen to raise a battalion for service at the front. They responded promptly, forming the Mormon Battalion. This battalion proceeded to California, but peace had been declared before its arrival.

The departure of the Mormon Battalion had halted the plans for the westward exodus of Brigham Young and his followers, so the Mormons regretfully spent the winter on the west shore of the river, on the site of the town of Florence, only recently made a part of the city of Omaha. Here they erected a thousand houses. Many of their buildings still stand, and hundreds who died of disease lie buried in a cemetery on a hill above the town. This resting place was known as Winter Quarters, and the memory of the sufferings of the Mormon families in the bitter cold months is vividly preserved in the history of their church.

Meanwhile, however, an expedition of 150 men and eighty wagons had been pushing westward seeking a place where the band might build the city of visioned greatness. They found the promised site beside the Great Salt Lake and, satisfied that they would be safe there from religious persecutors, they sent back word for the remainder of the faithful to follow. Between the years 1853 and 1860 the great pilgrimage took place from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake City. It is estimated that 16,000 persons followed the overland trail to Salt Lake City in covered wagons. The town of Florence prospered as the business of outfitting the pilgrims developed.

Through Winter Quarters streamed a steady procession of wagon parties, as the followers of the church assembled from all parts of the country.

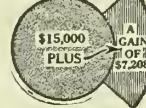
Meanwhile the gold rush to California had also drawn to the overland covered wagon trail thousands of adventurous men not dominated by religious zeal. The first houses of the town of Omaha went up while the rush to California was at its height. Most of those who first settled in Omaha crossed the river after living one or several years in Council Bluffs. They were far-seeing men who crossed the river from Council Bluffs to lay the foundations for Omaha's greatness.

First among these men was William D. Brown, who for several years operated a ferry between the east and west shores. In 1853 Brown staked out a claim covering almost the entire site of the town of Omaha as it was afterward laid out. In 1854 a treaty with the Indians was signed, legally opening the

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The above letters when properly arranged spell the name of a late President. Everyone sending in the correct solution will be awarded a beautiful lot, size 20x100 feet. Free and clear of all encumbrances, in a section now open to colonization in New Jersey. If you correctly solve the puzzle there will be a small charge of \$4.85 for the cost of drawing up legal papers and making transfer to you. Answer puzzle and mail today. This offer expires August 31.

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town site of Omaha to settlement, and from that event the development of the town was fast and steady. The growth was largely due to the fact that Omaha was the head of navigation on the Missouri, the natural halting place for the steamboats which came up the river bringing supplies for the great westward overland movement. Even the locomotives for the Union Pacific line were brought up the Missouri by steamboats, for the building of the road west of Omaha proceeded before the lines striking westward from Chicago had penetrated to the Missouri.

In keeping with its character as a frontier town, Omaha made its own rough-and-ready laws during its cradle days. Respect for land claims was a primary natural law, and those who had claims banded together for the protection of their individual and mutual rights. It is recorded that early in the town's history a squatter, a Frenchman of fighting physique and temperament, took possession of a choice tract near the town's center which was claimed by A. D. Jones, one of the town's founders. The Frenchman refused to move, and all efforts to intimidate him failed.

In despair the original owner sent to Missouri for a celebrated fighting man of that State, Cam Reeves, who responded promptly. Word of the coming fight spread through Council Bluffs and three trips of Brown's ferryboat were necessary to handle the crowd which assembled to witness the international battle. That fight has come down in Omaha's history as an epic contest. It was a long and bloody affair which ended when the Frenchman fled to the ferryboat and crossed to Iowa, never to return. Reeves, the victor, was elected the first sheriff of the county in which Omaha is located.

As Omaha grew it acquired a full-sized quota of bad men, gamblers and swindlers for the most part, and the town gained a noisome fame.

Omaha had an enormous boom when gold was discovered in Colorado, and in 1859 new fleets of covered wagons departed from it toward Denver, their canvas sides labeled "Pike's Peak or Bust."

But despite the artificiality of its boom prosperity, despite its infestation with desperadoes and crooks of high

and low degree, Omaha continued its steady business development. The coming of the railroad marked the beginning of a purification movement. The tremendous expansion following the Civil War confirmed all the city's hopes for its own future.

December 2, 1863, is one of the most notable days in Omaha's history. On that day ground was broken in Omaha for the building of the transcontinental railroad. The first rail was laid in Omaha July 10, 1865. At that time the railways from the East extended only as far as Des Moines, 133 miles from Omaha, and all supplies for the building of the road westward had to be hauled by wagon from Des Moines or transported up the Missouri by boat. In the four years which elapsed before the final linking of the two divisions of the road at Promontory, Utah, Omaha won great prosperity as the terminal city, and the completion of the road gave Omaha an assured place as a future metropolis.

The first bridge of the Union Pacific across the Missouri at Omaha was not completed until 1873, and for four years every pound of freight and every passenger bound for the West and the Pacific Coast over the new lines had to be ferried across the river. Today, the Union Pacific bridge at Omaha is still the important gateway between East and West it was when trains first crossed the river fifty-two years ago.

The coming of the air mail has emphasized the importance of Omaha's location on the through East and West route. Legionnaires attending the convention will find on many Omaha street corners the special red, white and blue letter boxes in which they may deposit letters bearing special air mail stamps, confident that the letters will be delivered back home surprisingly soon. Omaha is the central station on the New York-San Francisco air mail route.

Omaha, midway between the East and the West, partaking of the character of both, reflecting in its history the most significant of the changes which made this a great and unified nation following the Civil War, is by reason of these facts a landmark in American history. No American can fully understand his own country until he knows Omaha.

The Last of the Old Timers

(Continued from page 6)

inlanders, Creviston does not know how to swim. He says he's going to learn. That's the way he picked up golf. Two years ago he swung a club for the first time, and this spring he turned an Indianapolis course in 88. He has a competitive mind. Games and business are all alike to him. He challenges himself to pass someone else's record.

Shortly after he returned to Marion the United States entered the war, and Creviston enlisted a month after the declaration. As a private in Company E, Fourth Indiana Infantry, he helped recruit the company to war strength.

After eight months with Company E he was transferred to the Second Officers Training Camp and was commissioned a first lieutenant of infantry.

While he was doing everything possible to get immediate overseas duty

somebody told the big-wigs about his business training, and he was transferred to the general staff of the Eighty-Fourth Division. He got out of this a captaincy, special mention for reorganizing the divisional headquarters system, and prompt refusal of all requests for overseas duty. He was transferred to the Inspector-General's Division, where he finished his service June 7, 1919. It was while he was in the Army that he returned to Marion long enough to marry his boyhood sweetheart, Louise Wiggers, on September 25, 1918. Recently he was commissioned a major in reserve in the Staff Specialists Section.

So much for his military background. On the human side—well, in Marion you can always hear somebody say something fine about Russ Creviston.

He early became identified with the human element in the town. He is a Mason and a past exalted ruler of Marion Lodge of Elks, and at twenty-four was an assistant sergeant-at-arms at the 1912 Republican convention in Chicago and saw Roosevelt bolt.

In his capacity as a member of the Inspector General's staff Creviston had been instrumental in bettering camp conditions and made a name for himself. For that reason, upon his discharge, Community Service, Inc., asked him to come with them to handle the demobilization problem in big cities. Assigned to Minneapolis, he took up community work, organized service clubs and established himself in the community's affection for the real relief his efforts gave. He took a leading part in organizing The American Legion locally and early in 1919 became a charter member of the first post in Minnesota. When the struggling organization took its problems to Minneapolis for the first convention Creviston turned over his organization resources to aid it.

His efficiency was instantly recognized by Franklin D'Olier, who was elected National Commander at the First National Convention in Minneapolis, and by Lemuel Bolles, who became National Adjutant. So when Community Service asked: "What can we do to aid The American Legion?" D'Olier answered, "Send us Russell Creviston."

By that arrangement, his salary still paid by Community Service, Creviston came to Indianapolis for one year and was placed in charge of organization work. He continued in the capacity of Director of Organization until September, 1920, when he was appointed Assistant National Adjutant. He still remained, however, with Community Service, and it became necessary for each newly-elected National Commander to request his services. This each commander continued to do until the resignation of Lemuel Bolles in February, 1924. The then National Commander, John R. Quinn, appointed Creviston National Adjutant, a move that was unanimously confirmed by the National Executive Committee.

In summing up Creviston's achievements during his nearly six years of constant service, perhaps the most outstanding have to do with organization work. The system of post accounting, membership records, formation of foreign posts and departments were worked out by him.

In this year's great activity of the Legion, the Endowment campaign for \$5,000,000 for disabled veterans and orphans of veterans, Creviston has been executive secretary and has sacrificed his own plans to remain until the job was practically completed. For years he had preached the idea of endowing the Legion's two major activities, and was with the Legion to see his dreams come true.

When his resignation was announced from the rostrum at the June meeting of the National Executive Committee, Past National Commander Henry D. Lindsley said: "Russell is the last of those who came with the Legion at its birth to go. Now they are all gone."

In submitting his resignation to National Commander Drain, Creviston said: "The time has come for me to think of the material welfare of my

family. I choose reluctantly to go, for I love the Legion and will always be a loyal Legionnaire serving it as much as my time and means will permit." And those who know him—and they are thousands—know that he will do just that.

So it happened that the freckled, red-headed kid of ten became a soldier, as he wished, and devoted nearly nine years of his life to service to his country, first in the Army and then in the Legion.

"I enjoyed serving. I wish it were possible to continue," he said. "But I guess the boys all know they can call on me any time for anything, anywhere, and know I'll do the best I can."

The thousands of Legionnaires who know him personally from his many expeditions into departments do know it. Even now he is to give extra service by going as secretary to The American Legion delegation to the Fédération Internationale des Anciens Combattants (FIDAC) Congress in Rome in September to take part in a movement he had so much to do with organizing.

The red-haired, freckled youth moves on, carrying with him the affection and good wishes of the entire Legion.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

Co. E, 329TH INF. (83d Div.)—Annual reunion, July 25-26, at Bortel's Grove, McClure, O. Address Earl Lowry, McClure.

418TH TEL. BN.—Annual reunion, July 31-Aug. 2. Address W. E. Perry, 1712 Park Ave., Asbury Park, N. J.

33D F. A.—Fifth annual reunion at Cleveland, O., Aug. 1. Address George C. McConaughay, Williamson Bldg., Cleveland.

Co. G, 329TH INF. (83d Div.)—Seventh annual reunion at Ekko Cottage, Riverview Park, Fremont, O., Aug. 1-2. Address Edward Heider, 323 No. Fifth St., Fremont.

Co. B, 151ST INF.—Second reunion at Legion Rooms, La Porte, Ind., Aug. 8. Address R. H. Ball, 413 Lincoln Way, La Porte.

BASE HOSP. 67—Sixth annual reunion at White Plains and Bronxville, N. Y., Aug. 14-16. Address S. Franklyn Pearce, Box 366, White Plains, N. Y.

324TH F. A.—Fourth annual reunion at Columbus, O., Aug. 16-17. Address H. E. Lutz, P. O. Box 622, Columbus, O.

BTRY. E, 307TH F. A.—Reunion at Cottonwood Inn, Conesus Lake, N. Y., Aug. 19. Address H. A. Doty, Geneseo, N. Y.

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

GEORGE ALBEE, Benjamin E. Smith Post, Gardiner, Me. D. May 6, aged 50. Served with Hq. Co., 103d Inf., 26th Div.

JAMES V. DALY, Corporal Russell Sprague Post, Liberty N. Y. D. May 22, aged 31. Served with Fourth Prov. Co. Casual Det.

HOWARD FRISBEE, Donald W. Gleason Post, Delhi, N. Y. D. Mar. 17. Served with Union College R. O. T. C.

WILLIAM W. IRVING, Savenay' (N. Y.) Post. D. June 20. Served with B. H. 8, A. E. F.

FRANK S. LAYTON, Harold A. Taylor Post, Chicago, Ill. D. June 24. Served with Co. G, 34th Inf., 7th Div.

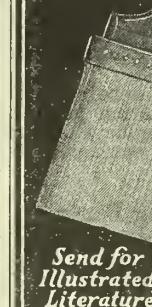
GEORGE MCLEEESE, Cascade (Ia.) Post. D. at Fort Bayard (N. M.) Veterans Hospital, June 14. Served with 6th Cav. Band.

LISLE F. McNURLIN, J. C. Main Post, Stillman Valley, Ill. D. June 9, aged 31. Served with Co. K, 129th Inf., 33d Div.

CLARENCE B. PETTY, Anita (Ia.) Post. D. May 5. Served with 19th Co., C. A. C.

PEDRO M. RAEI, Fort Bayard (N. M.) Post. D. June 6. Served with Med. Corps.

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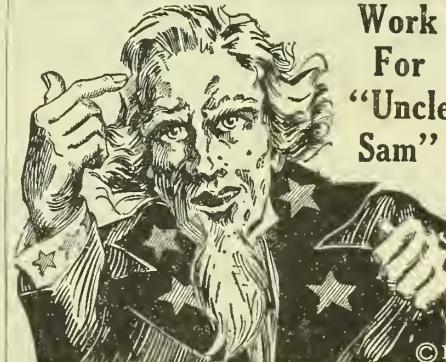
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Common education sufficient.

Ex-Service Men

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Examination questions; (2) List of
Government jobs now obtainable;
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Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Rules and Regulations

"How long does it take to draw out my money if I put it in the postal bank?" asked the prospective depositor with the market basket.

"Well," replied the newly appointed village postmaster, after consulting his rule book, "if you give me three days' notice beforehand, you can take it out again the same day you put it in."

The World Is Getting Better

[Headline in Shelbyville (Ind.) Democrat]

Better Business Club Entertained by Moral Women at Township School.

Unpardonable

A strong-chinned lady of uncertain—no, almost certain—years was in court charged with assault, battery and a few other details.

"So you shot your husband," began the judge, "when he said that he married you for business reasons and that he was the silent partner."

"No, your honor," corrected the defendant. "He said he was the junior partner."

They Ought to Know

[On electric sign of theater, Racine, Wis.]

Legion Vodvil
Local Artists
Learning to Love

And It Didn't

"Did the dentist tell you it wasn't going to hurt?" asked the friend.

"No," replied the pugilistic person. "I told him it wasn't going to hurt."

Candy from Kids

[Ad in Chicago Daily News]

WANTED: Woman, elderly; to take care of little boy.

Their Bill

Mr. Peckmoore had just arrived after an adventuresome journey through China and was being interviewed.

"And did the brigands collect ransom from you after capturing your wife?" asked a reporter.

"Not ransom," answered Mr. Peckmoore sadly. "Damages."

The Eternal Triangle

[Ad in the Denver Post]

2 HONEST working men, age 30-40, marry sincere working girl or widow, 18-30; no objection to 1 child; Denver girl preferred.

Unnerving

The Fire Eater: "What sent the snake charmer into hysterics?"

The Wire Walker: "She was out taking a stroll in the country and a caterpillar dropped out of a tree on her neck."

A Solid Foundation

[From the San Francisco Call and Post]

Marriage License—Joseph Brick, 41, and Anna I. Stone, 40.

The Point of the Thing

Race had written a play which had the luck to get a production. At the end of the performance he sought out his friend Tudor in the lobby.

"Well," he asked, "how was it?"

"Oh, I—I enjoyed your play very much," replied Tudor, attempting to arouse some

signs of enthusiasm in his voice, "but—ah—to tell you the truth, I couldn't quite get what it was all about."

"We-e-ell," admitted Race, "the censors cut that part out."

Proof

Montgomery was planning a foreign trip and was much excited over the prospects.

"You've been abroad," he remarked to a friend. "Do you think I can do France on ten dollars a day?"

"Cinch!" replied the other with conviction. "I did it on thirty-three a month."

Still Wild

"How long has the wild man been in this country?" asked the old lady visiting the circus.

"About five years, ma'am," replied the attendant.

"Can't he be tamed?"

"I guess not, ma'am. The fat lady, the wire walker and some of the lady acrobats have been makin' eyes at him, but he don't fall for none of 'em."

A Big Haul

"The prisoner who escaped this morning was a born thief, wasn't he?" asked the visitor to the prison.

"He sure was," replied the warden, gloomily. "He got away with a ball and chain from here."

Inclusive

Friend Husband had been bragging about himself, as he was wont to do.

"George," observed Friend Wife, "there's only one thing in this whole world that you don't know."

"And what's that?" he demanded belligerently.

"Anything."

One Way Service

Telephone Operator: "It costs seventy-five cents to talk to Bloomfield."

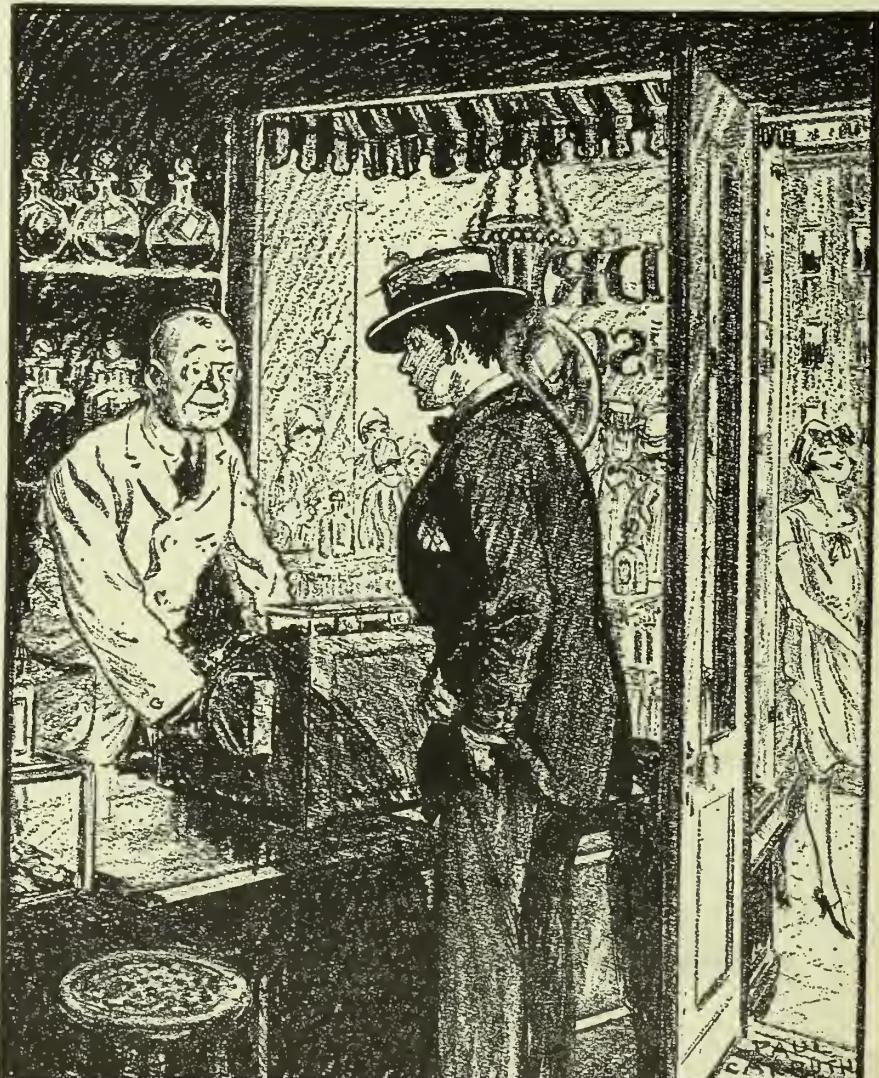
Quisenberry: "Can't you make a special rate for just listening? I want to call up my wife."

The Hangover

Johnny had been the guest of honor at a party the day before, and his friend Paul was regarding him enviously.

"How was it? Have a good time?" he asked.

"Did I?" was the emphatic answer. "I ain't hungry yet!"

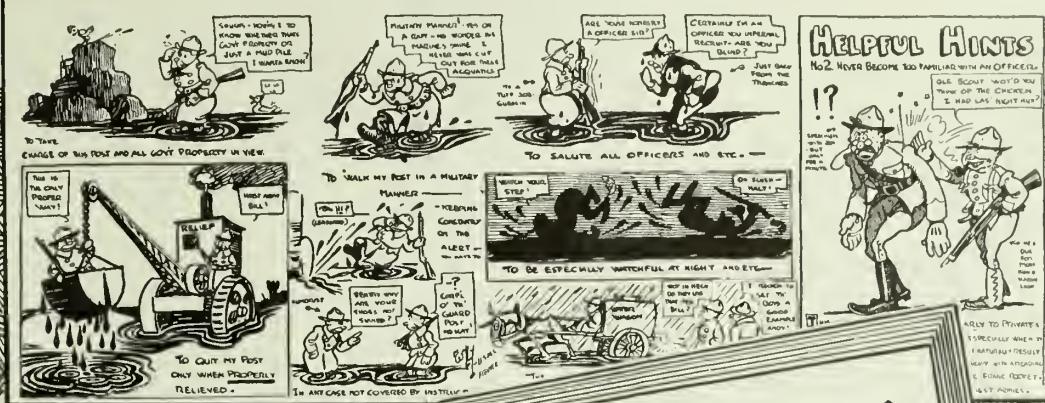


SUNDAY MORNING

Customer: "Give me change for a dime, please."

Druggist: "Sure. And I hope you enjoy the sermon."

GENERAL ORDERS IN SUNNY FRANCE



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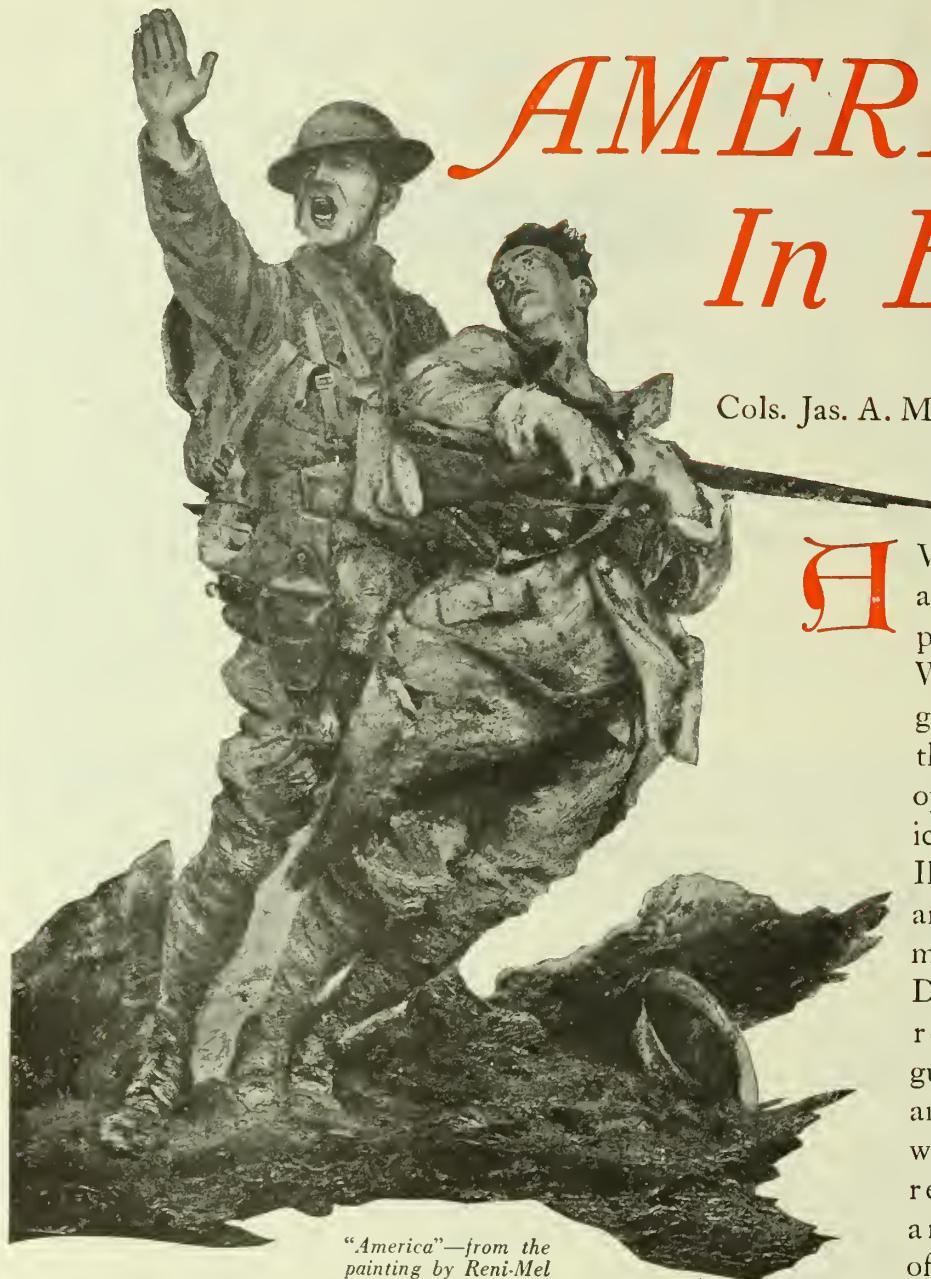
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book and guide for every World War veteran who visits again the scenes of action of the American Army in France.

What the Generals Say —

General John J. Pershing: "I congratulate the authors on producing such a vivid description of the parts played by the American Divisions in France."

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Major General Wm. G. Haan, 32nd Division: "A graphic condensed battle story of the American Army on the Western Front. Leaves nothing to be desired in the way of accuracy, conciseness, and convenient arrangement."